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TRINIDAD ISLAND AND ITS TREASURE.

THE latest story of buried treasure is not that which Mr Clark Russell recently told in these pages to the readers of 'My Shipmate Louise,' but one just narrated by Mr E. F. Knight, who in the year 1889 went out to search for a reputed hoard on the island of Trinidad. This is not the tropical West Indian paradise with which Mr Grant Allen made our readers acquainted a few years ago, but an islet of the same name and of very different character in the South Atlantic. It is a rocky, desolate, surf-encompassed islet, in latitude 20° 30' south, and longitude 29° 22' west, about seven hundred miles from the Brazilian port of Bahia. Mariners avoid it because of the coral reefs and deadly crabs by which it is encircled, and rarely, until recent years, has human foot trodden its shores. Its only inhabitants are very loathsome and destructive land-crabs, numerous sea-fowl, and gigantic turtles. Once upon a time it was covered with a dense forest from beach to summit, but for well-nigh a century the forest has been filled only with gaunt and leafless trees. This dead forest is one of the most ghastly features of a peculiarly ghastly and forbidding island. When and how the trees were stricken by the death-blight, no man knows; but it was probably some volcanic eruption which at one stroke changed a land of fruit-groves and spicy arbours into a forest of desolation, for Trinidad is the centre of a small volcanic patch in the South Atlantic. What vegetation now remains is confined to some tree-ferns and acacia-bushes on a plateau high up among the mountains, and to a growth of wild beans in some of the gullies.

Another peculiarity of the island is that it seems wholly brittle, for landslips are continually occurring, crags falling, ravines filling and opening, and the general configuration altering. As described by Mr Knight, it seems like one of the forlorn islands of the old sea-romances, on which the bloody deeds of pirates have left a curse, so that the treasure is guarded by evil spirits. The great seas which roll up without

any apparent cause, even after days of windless weather, the ever-tottering crags, and all the forces and terrors of nature, seem in combination to keep man from off the secret hoard, while the land-crabs are ugly and evil and diabolical-looking enough to represent the spirits of the bloodiest pirates ever known.

On this desolate spot, there was buried, in the year 1821, a great store of gold and silver plate and specie, which, during the Peruvian war of independence, was being conveyed from the Cathedral of Lima to Spain for security. The vessel conveying it was captured by pirates, who then deposited it in a part of Trinidad known as South-west Bay, marking the spot with three cairns. They left it there, intending to return, doubtless, when Lord Dundonald should cease from scouring the pirate-infested seas; but they fell into the hands of the Spaniards, and were all hanged at Cuba—all save one—a Russian Finn—who about the year 1850 confided the secret of his life and the treasure to a Newcastle captain then in command of an East Indiaman engaged in the opium trade. This Newcastle mariner brought home the secret and the pirate's plan of the island; and some years afterwards, sent out his son, in a Newcastle vessel trading with the Brazils, to look for the hoard. The vessel reached the island; but after beating about for a week, could not find a landing-place, and the captain resolved to give up the attempt. The young man, however, was permitted to swim ashore; and after spending a night alone on the island, where he was nearly devoured by the land-crabs, was hauled by a line through the surf to the boat and taken on board again. He reported that he had identified the spot described by the pirate; that it corresponded exactly with the description he had received from his father; but that a great landslip of red earth had evidently fallen on the treasure, and that not for the whole treasure itself would he spend another night in such a place.

Here, then, was confirmatory evidence of one sort; while an inspection of the archives of Cuba

revealed the fact that a gang of pirates who had plundered Spanish vessels sailing from Lima had been hanged at Havana at the very date given by the Russian Finn to the Newcastle captain. Then it was known that a large portion of the treasure which Lord Dundonald reported as existing at Lima—valued by him at over six millions sterling—had never been traced. Some portion of it fell into the hands of the Peruvians, and other portions were recaptured by Dundonald from the pirates who had plundered the Spanish vessels. But a large portion remains to this day unaccounted for, and thus there was *prima facie* evidence in favour of the Trinidad story.

It was so firmly believed in by some very shrewd Tynesiders, that in the year 1885 they despatched an expedition in a barque called the *Aurea* to make thorough search for it. The mistake was in sending a square-rigged vessel of such large size that she could not be brought near enough to the shore. With great difficulty seven men were landed in a small boat with some tools, and no sooner were they landed than the ship was blown out of sight by a high gale, and could not make the island again for three weeks. By that time the party ashore were so demoralised by deficiency of food, exposure to rain, and the haunting presence of the land-crabs, that they eagerly re-embarked at the first opportunity. They had done very little digging, although they had identified the spot described by the pirate; but they were so emaciated and ill, that the leader of the party determined not to risk the lives of any more of his men, and so abandoned the search.

Besides these, three other expeditions had attempted to disinter the secret of Trinidad Island before Mr Knight had heard of it. This was only after his return from a cruise in the *Falcon*, the story of which was given to the world some few years ago, during which he had happened to land on and explore Trinidad without being then aware of the romantic interest attaching to it. He had discovered a moderately safe landing-place, had followed passes through the mountains, and knew where water was to be found. Thus, when he heard the treasure story, and remembered things about the island which seemed to lend colour to the piratical tale, he determined to organise a more thorough search than had yet been attempted.

Thus it was that the 'Cruise of the *Alerte*' was projected. The *Alerte* was a stout-built yacht—rigged as a yawl—which was purchased at Southampton, and specially fitted out for the work. She was only some fifty tons or so of yacht measurement, but quite big enough for a party of thirteen adventurers and all their provisions and tools for excavation. These tools were very complete, and included hydraulic jacks, forges and anvils, boring apparatus, materials for shafting, crowbars, shovels, wheelbarrows, tents, wire-fencing, &c.—enough to furnish a pretty extensive

mining 'claim' in America. Ample stores of provisions were also taken, and every preparation was made for a prolonged stay, since the reported landslip implied probably the removal of many thousands of tons of débris before the hiding-place could be laid bare.

The company was to consist of nine gentlemen-adventurers, including Mr Knight himself, to whom the others were to pay one hundred pounds apiece, and to yield implicit obedience, each receiving in return one-twentieth of the gross proceeds of the venture. Mr Knight's contribution was the vessel, provisions, and tools; and further, he engaged four paid-hands, who were not to be entitled to any share of the treasure, but were to be liberally paid whatever happened. Before the *Alerte* reached Trinidad, the number of gentlemen-adventurers had been reduced to five, and the paid crew changed and increased to five, so that the full number of those who actually engaged in the search was only ten. Unfortunately, among the gentlemen who, from one cause or other, dropped off from the expedition were the only two who had knowledge of photography, ornithology, &c., so that the collections which were expected were not obtained.

Sailing from Southampton at the end of August 1889, the *Alerte* made first for the Salvage Islands, which the party had been recommended to try in the first instance for a treasure reputed to have been buried there in 1804, the story of which is well known at the Admiralty. This story is, that a vessel from South America for Cadiz, laden with produce and two million dollars in money, was, when within a few days' sail of her destination, warned by a neutral that war had been declared, and that English frigates were watching the whole Spanish coast. Thereupon the captain resolved to run back to the Spanish Main; but the crew mutinied, murdered the captain, buried the money on an uninhabited island, and finally wrecked the ship in trying to make the West Indies. A survivor told the story to the captain of an English man-of-war, and the Admiralty ordered a preliminary search; but the results were so discouraging that it was not thought worth while to prosecute the matter further.

As the uninhabited island of this story was identified with one of the Salvage group, which lay, after a manner, in the route of the *Alerte*, it was resolved to make some attempt to test the truth of it. The Salvages consist of three islands between Madeira and the Canaries, and are carefully avoided by vessels on account of the dangerous shoals that surround them. These three islands are Great Salvage, Great Piton, and Little Piton; and it was on Great Piton that the search was to be made. Here a camp was formed, and systematic digging continued for four days, with no result; and as the information was so vague that the adventurers did not even know if they were on the right island, the search was then abandoned, and the course of the *Alerte* shaped for Bahia, which was reached on the 2d of November.

Here received the crew. Finally, and Tre Sighted, and an adventure (the most children away, a Lama of the surfs there is ravines here, and have but great sh changing tower to and are twisted among grand silence sea is on the at tim by the birds. The natura this is avail After water for th —Tre danger island cover panio reach found also f suppl 'T Mr K had a perce torn slips ash d a sen ened and crabs islet sea-b of m and know super due attac in th has ther As have islar

Here fresh provisions were taken in, letters received and despatched, some changes made in the crew, and a little delay caused by bad weather. Finally, sail was set on the 11th of November, and Treasure Island was sighted six days later. Sighted, yes; but it is one thing to sight Trinidad and another thing to land on it, as previous adventurers had found. This, indeed, seems one of the most obstinately inaccessible of all the earth-children known as islands—a lonely ocean-castaway, as jealous of its seclusion as the Grand Lama of Tibet. The mountains rise sheer from the surf, which ever boils and seethes, even when there is no wind. Their sides are cleft by awful ravines with perpendicular precipices; pinnacles here, and huge cones there, show where masses have been shattered by volcanic commotions, and great slopes of red and black débris betray the changing character of the surface. The peaks tower to three thousand feet or more above the sea, and are ever wrapt in vaporous wreaths, torn and twisted into curious shapes as the winds eddy among the summits. Indescribably savage and grand is the scenery of this weird island, where silence is unknown, and where the sorrow of the sea is never quiet. The roaring of the surf on the beach and up the rocky ravines becomes at times almost deafening, and it is accentuated by the shrill cries of myriads of melancholy sea-birds.

The first thing to do was to land at a sort of natural coral pier that Mr Knight knew of; but this is some miles from Treasure Bay, and only availed for a preliminary survey-party of two. Afterwards this was used as a place at which to water the yacht, which anchored in the vicinity for the greater portion of the time of the search—Treasure Bay itself being too exposed and dangerous for even a small vessel. Crossing the island by the mountain passes which he had discovered nine years before, Mr Knight and a companion, after a dangerous and toilsome journey, reached the site of the supposed hoard. They found relics of the *Aurea* expedition, and they also found, what was better, that a good water-supply was available with moderate labour.

'The nature of the scenery around us,' writes Mr Knight, 'was now grand in the extreme, and had a weird character of its own that I have never perceived on other mountains. The jagged and torn peaks, the profound chasms, the huge land-slips of black rocks, the slopes of red volcanic ash destitute of vegetation, in themselves produce a sense of extreme desolation; but this is heightened by the presence of ghastly dead vegetation, and by the numberless uncanny birds and land-crabs which cover all the rocks. This lonely islet is perhaps the principal breeding-place for sea-birds in the South Atlantic. Here multitudes of man-of-war birds, gannets, boobies, cormorants, and petrels have their undisturbed haunts. Not knowing how dangerous he is, they treat their superior animal, man, with a shocking want of due respect. The large birds more especially attack one furiously if one approaches their nests in the breeding season; and in places where one has to clamber with hands as well as feet, and is therefore helpless, they are positively dangerous. As for the land-crabs, which are unlike any I have seen elsewhere, they swarm all over the island in incredible numbers. I have seen them

two or three deep in shady places under the rocks; they crawl over everything, polluting every stream, devouring anything—a loathsome set of brutes, which were of use, however, in our camp as scavengers. They have hard shells of a bright saffron colour, and their faces have a most cynical and diabolic expression. As one approaches them they stand on their hindlegs and wave their pincers threateningly, while they roll their hideous goggle eyes at one in a dreadful manner. If a man is sleeping or sitting down quietly, these creatures will come up to have a bite at him, and would devour him if he was unable for some reason to shake them off. But we murdered so many in the vicinity of our camp during our stay on the island that they certainly became less bold, and it seemed almost as if the word had been passed all over Trinidad that we were dangerous animals, to be shunned by every prudent crab.'

When Treasure Bay was reached, the pirate's landmarks were readily identified, and arrangements were made for landing the stores and tools. This had to be done through the surf by means of a whale-boat, for carriage over the difficult and dangerous mountain-passes was out of the question. Landing through the surf was laborious and dangerous enough, but it was effected in a series of exciting journeys, and then a camp was formed and operations were commenced.

It was seen at once that these would have to be extensive and prolonged, for the exact locality of the cairns under the fallen débris could not be determined, and therefore almost the whole of it would have to be removed. This was done by systematic trenching; while the huge rocks were lifted out of the way by means of the hydraulic jack which had been brought. For three months the whole party laboured in turn as navvies, ceasing only during the heat of mid-day and on Sundays; and they left almost literally not a stone unturned in the ravine where ought to have existed the cavern where the pirates' hoard was deposited. But they discovered neither the cavern nor the hoard.

All hands were not on shore at a time, for at least three were needed to take charge of the yacht, whose anchorage was by no means secure. Indeed, so frequent and erratic are the winds which eddy from the summits of Trinidad, even when it is calm out at sea, that after a while it was determined that it was safer to heave anchor and to cruise off and on the island—drifting away at night, and beating back during the day. When the weather permitted, a boat would be despatched from Treasure Bay to the vessel, or *vice versa*, to exchange news and compare notes; but sometimes for many days together this intercourse was impossible. Then the supply of oatmeal gave out, and Mr Knight with a couple of hands ran the *Alerte* all the way to Bahia to get fresh stores. He was so detained by bad weather that when he returned to the island he found the shore-party on the verge of starvation, and just preparing to launch themselves in the whale-boat on the open sea in the hope of being picked up.

On off-days, the island was explored by the members of the expedition, who discovered the remains of what had evidently been a Portuguese settlement—several huts and stone walls overgrown with creepers. From appearance, this

settlement must have been of some duration; and it would be interesting if some one could evolve its history from Portuguese records. It may be, indeed, that the non-discovery of the treasure and the existence of this settlement have some connection. Who knows to whom the Russian Finn communicated his secret before he met the Newcastle captain? This is assuming that the pirate's story was true, and really there seems no good reason to doubt it. In spite of his non-success, Mr Knight, with all his knowledge of the island, has very little doubt that the treasure of the Cathedral of Lima was once really deposited on Trinidad. Whether it has been already removed, or whether it lies buried under some other landslip, cannot be said, and will probably never be known.

Certainly, the *Alerte* party made a gallant and persevering effort to recover the treasure, without stopping to consider what moral or legal claim they had to it should they discover it. When it was resolved to abandon the search, the weather was becoming so bad that every hour's delay meant danger. Happily, everything was got on board safely, and the yacht started for the other Trinidad, in the West Indies, where the party was broken up, and each man went to his own home, rich in experience of a novel sort, if not in the treasures of Lima. 'They did not catch that whale, brave boys;' but they did something to think about and talk about for the rest of their lives.

It cannot be recommended that any should follow their example. Six expeditions within twelve years have found the Spanish treasure on Trinidad to be pretty much like the Spanish fleet in the ballad.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

By GRANT ALLEN, AUTHOR OF 'IN ALL SHADES,'
'THIS MORTAL COIL,' ETC.

CHAPTER XII.—THE BUBBLE BURSTS.

'It's terrible,' said Linnell to Dumaresq, breaking the short pause, 'that after all you have wrought and done for the world you should still be able to say *that* to day—you, the greatest thinker in our modern Europe.'

'Not for me,' the old stoic answered with a resigned nod: 'not terrible for me: I'm used to it: it suits me: but for Psyche, I grant you, yes: for Psyche; for Psyche.'

'Miss Dumaresq deserves all the world can give her,' Linnell replied boldly.

The old man's eye fired up once more with a brilliant flash, and then grew slowly dim again. If only he could see his way to make Psyche happy! He wasn't sordidly anxious to sell her for gold: oh no, oh no; he would sell her to no man: but he wanted to see his Psyche happy. He clutched Linnell's hand once more and spoke earnestly, fervently. 'Listen here,' he cried in more vivid tones; 'you're a friend—a disciple. I can tell you. I can trust you. I know I've thrown away my own life: I could endure that easily, if that were all; but that's not all. I've thrown away hers too; I've failed

in my duty to her. You can't think how that wrong weighs upon my spirit now. I ought to have toiled and moiled and slaved and sweated, not to write the Encyclopædic Philosophy for the good of the race—how little that matters!—but to carve out for my child a place in the world well worthy of her. One or the other course I might rightly have pursued; but not both together. If I meant to devote my life to philosophy, I should never have been a father. Becoming a father, I ought to have devoted my life to *her* alone. I gave a hostage to fortune, and I failed to redeem it. I became responsible for a life, and I failed to guarantee it a proper future. And now in my helpless old age, I see my error. I see it too late; I see it too late; I see it, and I pay for it.'

'You are wrong,' Linnell answered firmly. 'So great a life as yours demands a great account to be given at last of it. The vast organising genius, the wonderful brain that conceived and wrought out the Encyclopædic Philosophy, was not only your own to do as you would with: it was a gift held in trust by you for the world and for the ages. You played your part well. It is for us, the remainder, who profit by your just and due, yet none the less splendid and self-sacrificing use of your own great powers, to see that neither you nor she is a loser by your grand and unselfish action.'

'You think so?' the old man asked, looking up at him with a passing expression of doubt.

Linnell hesitated, like one caught in a trap. Was the philosopher trying to probe his secret? 'I think so,' he answered aloud after a short struggle.

'Then that brings me back at once to what I wanted to say to you in confidence to-day,' Dumaresq continued, glancing at him with a strangely remorseful face. 'Mr Linnell, I'm going to trust you. You understand exactly how I feel towards Psyche. I know how sweet and rare a flower it is that blooms around the wreck of my ruined life. I know it, and I cherish her as she ought to be cherished—jealously, scrupulously, reverently, tenderly. I want my child to fill her proper place in life: I want to see her happy before I die. Unless she goes away to fill it and to be happy—well, I hope she may cling to the ruin still while there's anything left of it to hold together.'

'Yes,' Linnell answered, half chilled by his words. He sympathised, in a way, with that strange old man; but Dumaresq had struck by accident the feeblest of all the resonant chords in his complex nature for a father to work upon. No apt response could there be expected.

'Yes,' the old man answered, his eyes growing tenderer each moment as he spoke, and his lips quivering. 'Pardon me if I've noticed your feelings towards my daughter. I know you've been seeing a great deal of Psyche lately. I know Psyche's been thinking a great deal of you.—It surprises you that I should have noticed it!—Ah, well, that shows you don't know how closely I watch over Psyche. You fancy I'm blind to these things, because I'm old, and a dreamer, and a philosopher, and a stoic. No doubt, where human trivialities are concerned I'm often blind; I see nothing. You can't keep

your whole soul fixed at once upon the main order of the cosmos, and the minutest details of Mrs Grundy's dinner-parties. But where even the veriest trivialities touch my Psyche, my eyes are at once as sharp as a lynx's. Then the blind bat wakes up and sees: the mole opens his narrow eyelids, shakes the dust of grimy burrowings from his coat, creeps out from his hole, and peers about him with the sharp vision of a very Argus. That's how it is when Psyche's in question.' He took Linnell's hand in his own for a moment once more. 'Bear with me,' he went on, pleadingly—'bear with a father who asks you only because he loves his daughter. I don't want to see her affections too deeply engaged without knowing what are the prospects of her future happiness. You love Psyche; oh yes, I know it. You can't conceal that from me. I have eyes. I see it; but before Psyche commits herself to loving you, I must earnestly ask you—as a father, I feel compelled to ask you—are you in a position to marry?—have you the means and the power to make Psyche happy?'

It was not an unnatural question for a father to put, as fathers go: even a man less hardly tried by fortune and less devoted to his daughter than Haviland Dumaresq might easily have asked it: but nothing could have been worse adapted for meeting a man of Linnell's nature. The painter's quick suspicion was aroused at once. Dumaresq's ardour chilled him.

'I never said,' he answered, disengaging his hand with difficulty from the old man's grasp, 'that I made any pretensions to be regarded as one of Miss Dumaresq's suitors. That honour is one I never ventured to claim. It would be the more usual course to ask me such a question as you now ask me when I came before you of my own accord to beg your consent, after I had already made sure of your daughter's wishes. As it is, you discount the future somewhat too brusquely—you have no reason to suppose my feelings towards Miss Dumaresq are anything warmer than those of the merest polite admiration.'

'The more usual course!' Haviland Dumaresq answered, looking across at him with a profoundly surprised air. 'The more usual course! and Psyche's happiness at stake! Ah, Linnell, Linnell, you don't know how I watch over her! Where Psyche's concerned, do you think it matters to me one farthing what's usual? I know how you feel. You're young, and you love her. For you, and for her, that would be quite enough, of course. At your ages, that's all young blood should think about. In the fitness of things, I acknowledge your attitude. But me! I tell you, it's my duty to guard her with all my soul from her own too hasty or too foolish feelings. I know what it all means—poverty; long waiting, a cheek grown pale with hope deferred; an imprudent marriage at last; my darling worn out with infinite petty cares and sordid shifts of a young family, brought up too scantily. I've seen it and known it. Would it be right of me to let Psyche expose herself to all that? If I see you're beginning to think of my Psyche, mustn't I make sure for myself beforehand who and what you are, and what you can do to make her happy? Don't suppose I'm so blind as not to know you think of her. No man

reads emotional expression worse than I do, I know—my mind moves on a different plane from that—but I must be a poor reader and speller indeed if I couldn't spell out what's written in letters as big as my fist across your very forehead—what pervades every act and look and word of yours whenever I see you one moment near her. So I venture to ask you now in plain words beforehand if my Psyche loves you as you love her, are you in a position to make her happy?'

'Mr Dumaresq,' Linnell cried, taken aback, 'I beg of you, I pray you, whatever you do, not to breathe or whisper one word of this to—Psyche. I can't bear to think that Haviland Dumaresq should be capable of speaking to me in such a strain; for many reasons which you will readily guess, it would surprise and distress your daughter even more profoundly. Don't let her know—pure and beautiful, and shrinking as she is—don't let her know you have so thrust her name in such a connection upon a perfect stranger. For her sake, for the sake of her maidenly dignity, which I at least respect if you do not, forbear to speak to me any more about her. I will not admit I have any other feeling on earth towards Miss Dumaresq; but I have at least too much reverence and regard for her position to breathe her name to any man living before I have asked her own permission to discuss her.'

Haviland Dumaresq paused irresolute for a moment; then he answered once more in a very soft voice. 'You say well,' he murmured; 'but—you admit the impeachment.—What you allow is more than what you deny. I won't put my question, therefore, on the ground to which you object: but I will ask you plainly, as a matter of general abstract information, which I'm anxious to obtain, have you any means of your own of a private sort, or do you live—well—entirely by the practice of your profession?'

'And I will answer you,' Linnell replied, drawing himself up with a determined air, 'that the question of my income is one which lies entirely between myself and the Commissioners of Inland Revenue.'

'Your answer is evasive,' Dumaresq said, drawing back and eyeing him hard with that keen clear glance of his. 'If anything except Psyche's happiness were at stake, I ought to take the hint and forbear to press you. But there, I can't help myself: for the very way in which you say it makes me see you're trying to hide from me, for some inexplicable reason, the fact that you have money.' He drew his hand across his forehead with a vague dim air. Again the strange dreaminess seemed to come like a cloud across him. His eye grew glazed. 'For myself,' he went on slowly, 'I care nothing for money. You know I care nothing. For myself I despise it. Have I not worked like a galley-slave all my life long, on bread and water sometimes, in the service of truth, caring for nothing—money, honour, fame—if only I could fulfil my appointed life-task? When did any man bribe me with gold or with position? When did any man turn me from my own high purpose? But for Psyche, oh, for Psyche, I'm very jealous. I can't bear to think that Psyche should lead a life of drudgery. I toil hard for her now; but I can't toil much

longer. I'm almost worn out. I want to know that after my time Psyche will be happy. It would be wrong for me to let her get her affections engaged with any one who hasn't the means to keep her as she deserves to be kept. That must be my excuse for reading your secret. At anyrate, I've read it. I can see it—I can see it: I can see you have money.' He repeated the word dreamily once or twice to himself, 'Money, money, money, money.'

Linnell recoiled from him with a startled look of surprise and annoyance. Had he known under what strange influence Haviland Dumaresq spoke, he might have been less astonished: as it was, he could hardly believe these words came from the lips of the Encyclopædic Philosopher and Psyche's father! The painter's disillusionment was indeed for the moment complete. His idol had truly feet of clay. 'You make a mistake,' he answered coldly, with a repellent air. 'But I myself am in no way answerable for it. I have never given either you or Miss Dumaresq the slightest reason for believing that I laid any claim in any way to the possession of riches. If the thought ever occurred to me—and I do not say it did—that I might perhaps venture to aspire—that I might ask Miss Dumaresq to share her life with me, then certainly it occurred to me only in the form that I might ask her to share a journeyman painter's early struggles—and perhaps in the end his success also. I thought she would sympathise with such an attitude. I thought she would not refuse to aid me in my first endeavours. If I asked at all, I would ask Miss Dumaresq to accept me just as I am; to take me for the sake of myself and my art; to inspire my work and to accept my devotion. It surprises me to hear you talk as you do.' He paused for a moment. 'If I had not heard it from your own lips,' he added slowly, 'I could never have believed it of Haviland Dumaresq. Even now, I cannot believe but that Haviland Dumaresq's daughter would surely behave in a way more befitting her father's character. If ever she marries any man, she will marry him, I firmly hold, not for money, not for position, not even for happiness, but just because she loves him. And if ever I asked Miss Dumaresq to accept me, it would be on that ground, and on that ground alone, that I could think of asking her.'

Were ever unconformable natures more inopportunately thrown together? By pure accident, either's angles offended the other mortally. They came so close in most ways, yet with such unfortunate capacities for creating mutual misunderstandings.

The old man's face relaxed rapidly. The collapse from an opium paradise is often almost miraculous in its suddenness. The gay bubble bursts even more quickly and strangely than it swelled. As Haviland Dumaresq sat and listened to Linnell's cold and guarded answer, the effect of the drug, which was already beginning naturally to wear off under the influence of exercise, cleared away all at once in a horrid awakening, when the disenchanted dreamer recognised at a single stroke his own needless degradation, and the total downfall of the magnificent palace he had been rearing for an hour or two on such an

airy basis. In a second the illusion was utterly dispelled. Space shrank once more like an empty bladder to its normal dimensions. The mountains fell slowly into long flat downs. The colour faded from earth and sky. The sea subsided to its natural level. The perspective of the world restored itself at once in all its ordinary meanness. And Linnell the mysterious stood revealed before him after all as a mere hard-working, penniless, struggling painter, with nothing but the chances of his art to subsist upon. Not such the dream he had cherished for Psyche. She must marry some one who could keep her at least in modest luxury—or else cling to the ruin.

'Then—you—have—no—means?' he gasped out slowly, clutching the stem of the elder-bush at his side for support, and gazing hard into the painter's face.

'Miss Dumaresq would not ask for money,' Linnell replied with an evasive smile.

The old man's face fell slowly. 'Have you nearly finished your picture?' he asked at last in a very quiet voice.

With a start of unwelcome surprise, Linnell divined his meaning at once. But he repressed his feelings. 'Another day will finish it,' he answered in the self-same unemotional tone, as coldly as the philosopher himself had spoken.

'That is well.—Come to-morrow and get it finished,' Haviland Dumaresq said with reluctant determination.

Linnell bowed. 'And after that?' he asked, looking hard into the old man's face.

'And after that,' Dumaresq answered, leaning forward apologetically, 'I think, for Psyche's sake, for all our sakes—it would be better she and you should not meet again.—Ah yes, I pain you! You fancy I'm hard. You fancy I'm cruel. That's just because I'm really so tender. I feel it my duty to guard my daughter from the bare chance of misery, poverty, drudgery. Drudgery! I know what it means, my friend. For a man, those things are easy enough to bear; but for a woman—tenderly, delicately nurtured—how could I expose her to them? I must not; I cannot. I've gained experience myself on my path through life. I paid for it dear. Psyche shall have the benefit of it for nothing. No penniless man shall drag her down, down, down, to a wretched struggle with sordid poverty. Psyche is beautiful; Psyche is intelligent; Psyche is animated; Psyche is clever. She has been much admired. She's reaching the age when a girl should come out. If I take her to London—and I'd work my fingers to the bone to do it—she can mix in society and meet the sort of man she ought to meet with. I may be poor, but I'm not unknown. My name is worth much. I can get introductions, invitations, acquaintances for Psyche. Once seen in London, she's sure to marry, and to marry as she ought. I must guard her for the present from throwing away her life for a future of drudgery.'

'I see,' Linnell answered bitterly. 'You think the world's wisdom for women is summed up in that one short phrase—to marry well—do you?'

'You say it yourself,' Dumaresq answered oracularly. 'You say it, not I.—But perhaps you're right, after all. To marry well! It means, what the wisdom of the world has made

it mean—to marry where the means of happiness are best forthcoming.' He said it musingly.

Linnell bowed his head once more in solemn acquiescence. 'I may see Miss Dumaresq to-morrow?' he asked after a pause.

'You may come in and finish your picture of course. That's mere common justice. Take as many days as you find needful to finish it. I wouldn't waste so much valuable work for worlds by curtailing in any way your opportunities for completing it.'

'And I may see her *alone*?' the painter asked again, trembling.

Dumaresq hesitated. 'Yes, you may see her alone,' he answered, after a moment's consideration; 'but you know my views, and as a man of honour, you will not try to take advantage, I'm sure, of the permission—I may even say, the concession, I make to you. You will not incite a girl of seventeen to differ from her own father on an important matter affecting her future. I allow you to see her only because it's possible you may have already said things to her you would now wish to withdraw or to explain away. I rely upon your sense of honour for the rest.' He faltered for a moment with a sudden servile air. 'I'm an old man,' he repeated once more, almost humbly; 'I only want to make Psyche happy.'

The last two sentences were plaintively said. They touched Linnell somehow, in spite of himself. 'Very well,' he replied; 'you may rely upon me then.' He looked at him fixedly. 'I have come to the age of disillusionments,' he went on; 'but no disillusion I've ever had in all my life was half so bitter as this of to-day's has been. I have seen with my own eyes a king of men dethroned from his high seat—a prince of thinkers lowered from his pinnacle to the level of the commonest and vulgarst humanity. But for the sake of what you have said, I will spare you more. Miss Dumaresq shall never marry a penniless painter.'

'Oh, remember, it's for her sake,' the old man cried appealingly, wringing his hands, and now unstrung by the sudden collapse of the opium-ecstasy. 'It's for her sake, remember! Don't be too hard upon me, I beseech you, Linnell. She's very young: I must guard her youth, her ignorance, her innocence. I would be doing wrong as a father if I didn't preserve her from the fatal consequences of her own impetuosity, as we take away knives from very young children. It's my duty to guide her by my elder experience. Many a woman who married herself for love at twenty—and led a life of hopeless drudgery—regrets it enough when she's reached fifty to make her daughters marry better than she did. The world knows best: the world knows best: it's wiser by far than any one of its component members.'

'Good-bye,' Linnell answered, rising up with an effort from the dreary bank. 'I'll call in to finish the picture at ten to-morrow.'

'At ten to-morrow!' Haviland Dumaresq repeated in a dreamy voice. 'At ten to-morrow!—Good-bye for the present, then. It's for Psyche's sake. At ten to-morrow.'

And sinking down on the bank, when Linnell was gone, he buried his face in his hands like a child and sobbed bitterly. 'I hope I've

done right,' he cried to himself in his profound despair. 'I hope I've done right. Perhaps I'm wrong. But I never could sell my Psyche to a life of drudgery!'

BLUE WATER AND GREEN WATER.

If we wished to publish all that has been written during the last half-century on the subject of water in the household, water in the manufactory, the industrial arts, and in agriculture, the effects of water as steam, as ice, as rain, and as water properly so called, mineral or medicinal waters (natural and artificial), water as a vehicle of zymotic or infectious diseases, and water in the treatment of fevers and inflammations—we should require to fill some ten or twelve large volumes.

With all this, there are some important facts which have been to a great extent overlooked, and are little known, though they appear to be replete with interest and practical consequences. Some of our readers may have had an opportunity of comparing the fine emerald green colour of the sea in the Strait of Dover, for instance, with the beautiful blue tint presented by the waters of the Mediterranean. Others may be cognisant of the unsatisfactory disagreement among many eminent Professors as to the proper mode in which water should be analysed, in order to determine whether it is good enough for domestic purposes. But very few people are aware of the broad generalisation brought to light some years ago by a learned Frenchman, M. Gerardin, who boldly asserts that there are only two kinds of water in the whole world—blue water, which is good; and green water, which is bad.

Without at all endorsing this theory, we may safely grant that there exists something useful in his arguments; therefore, we will exhibit in a few words what he has to say upon the subject. After devoting a considerable number of years to the examination of water from every variety of source, the author just named has come to the conclusion that all common kinds of water—that is, all water which is ordinarily met with in Nature, such as river-water, well-water, rain-water, and spring-water—may be classed into two perfectly distinct types, and into two types only, which are well represented at Paris by the water of the river Vonne, which is *blue*, and that of the river Seine, which is *green*.

Let us examine, in the first place, the qualities that are attributed to the blue-coloured water. It is at once distinguished by its colour. Blue water shines with a peculiar brilliancy; it allows the light of the sky to pass into it without reflecting it from its surface. It flows over a hard bottom, which can always be used for fording without danger. When evaporated at a low temperature, it leaves a residue in which the microscope detects very little, if any organised matter, only a few rare and shining diatoms. It can be preserved for a long time without undergoing any particular change, decomposition, or fermentation; and the blue water of the river Dhuys was found by direct experiment to have retained its normal quantity of air after being kept for no less than eighteen months in ordinary glass

bottles. In blue water the infinitesimally small particles which it holds in suspension are not gradually deposited or precipitated to the bottom of the vessels; on the contrary, they remain suspended in the liquid for an indefinite length of time, for they are endowed with that peculiar molecular motion known as 'Brownian vibrations,' often alluded to in the writings of microscopists—a motion, the cause of which no one appears able to account for.

In these blue waters, albuminous matters, such as white of egg, for instance, froth by shaking, and produce abundant scum; which is admitted to be due to the fact that such froth depends upon vesicles of water, filled with air, and grouped around the solid microscopic nuclei that are present in the water. On account of its purity, blue water is the best of waters for domestic use. On the other hand, it is not so well adapted, we are told, for industrial purposes, as it does not allow matters in suspension to be very readily deposited; but that appears to us rather problematical.

The second type of water is characterised by its green colour; it is quite as distinctly green as the former kind is blue. Green water is dull, and devoid of brilliancy; it is not transparent to the light of the sky, which is reflected from its surface as from a mirror. The bed over which it flows is muddy, and not safe for fording. Evaporated, like the former kind, at a low temperature by means of the air-pump, it leaves an abundant residue, consisting largely of microscopic plants, such as are known as 'unicellular algae.' When kept for a certain time, it undergoes a kind of decomposition or fermentation, and then acquires a more or less offensive odour.

When shipped on board a vessel, the green water of the river Somme was found to lose about sixty-five per cent. of its dissolved oxygen (air) in about a week. Green water deposits rapidly all substances that it holds in suspension as long as it is in motion. As soon as the water is quiet, these substances are precipitated to the bottom of the flask, because, it is asserted, these bodies are not possessed of the 'Brownian movements.'

This 'Brownian' vibration—named after the great botanist, Robert Brown—is that peculiar molecular movement, or vibration to and fro, which affects the minutest particles of mineral matter, or organic matter of a resinous and insoluble nature, suspended in the liquid. It was first observed by the botanist just named, and since his time, has been seen by many hundreds of observers accustomed to the use of the microscope. By stating that the extremely minute particles suspended in green water are not endowed with this peculiar vibratory motion, our author means, of course, that they are too large; hence, also, they are readily deposited when the water is left at rest. When shaken up with albuminous matters, green water gives neither froth nor scum; a most singular and characteristic phenomenon. It is by no means a good water for drinking, and should be employed exclusively for industrial and manufacturing purposes, for which it is affirmed to be better suited than blue water.

But our author, whose communication to the Paris Academy made some sensation, and attracted

a good deal of attention, goes much further than this. He asserts, as the results of his observations pursued for many years, that neither the same microscopic plants (algæ) nor the same mollusca are found in green water and in blue water; and he is of opinion that certain geological strata, such as the Tertiary limestones, have been deposited from green water; whilst other varieties of limestones and sands have been deposited in ancient times from blue water. This is inferred from the examination of the microscopic elements contained in these strata. Another curious fact follows, which it would be perhaps difficult to contradict. M. Gerardin says that there is no practical method by which green water (bad) can be transformed into blue water (good); whereas there are a thousand methods of converting blue water into green water. Organic matter in a state of decomposition, or sewage, is a fruitful means of accomplishing this undesirable transformation. Thus, he finds that the water of the river Seine is blue at Corbeil before it enters Paris, but becomes green at Paris; and it remains green as far as Caudebec, that is, until it begins to receive the purifying influence of the sea.

This consideration leads to the important conclusion that the practice of running sewage and other organic refuse into rivers is day by day diminishing the quantity of blue water in most of our European countries. Day by day, also, the good blue water stored in dirty cisterns becomes green and unwholesome.

The best way to examine the colour of a sample of water is to place the liquid in a long tube closed at each end by a plate of glass. Whilst one extremity of the tube is directed to the source of light, the colour is noted at the other. By using the same tube for a series of water-samples, it will be possible thus to get properly comparable results.

We should like to affirm that the water problem has been solved by these ingenious considerations; but it is evident that before thorough reliance can be placed upon the conclusions drawn so boldly, the experiments and observations upon which they are based will have to be repeated by others.

Some years ago, Mr Shirley Hibberd, whose recent death is deeply deplored by all who knew him, showed us how this pure blue water can be obtained abundantly—namely, by utilising the rainfall. And it can thus be obtained almost for nothing, and certainly without paying any water-rate. The rainfall of London averages about twenty-five inches; and one inch of rain falling upon an acre of ground is equal to 22,622 gallons. Mr Hibberd supposes that there are twenty-five houses on that acre of land; then, the total annual rainfall is exactly that amount for each of them. But if only one-tenth of the total rainfall is caught, that alone amounts to 2262 gallons for each house per annum. There need be no difficulty in keeping the first part of a shower—which washes the dirt out of the atmosphere and from the house-tops—separate from the subsequent portion of it, which falls pure from the sky. Vessels of proper capacity receiving the first water, which becomes foul, may be made to act automatically, so as to divert the remaining supply to other reservoirs for the

storage of pure water, which, after subsidence and filtration, may be rendered as wholesome as that of Loch Katrine, for instance.

To pronounce upon a specimen of water as to whether it is or is not fit for drinking is not to be done with absolute certainty on the strength of analytical data only. The analyst can prevent us loading our stomachs or our kitchen boilers with water which contains sulphuric acid, lead, or arsenic, &c.; but when it comes to detecting the elements of infection, the chemical conclusions are apt, as Professor Huxley says, to present a good deal of 'biological turbidity.' It has been contended that the water of a stream which is impregnated with sewage at one point becomes pure again after a comparatively short flow from the source of contamination. But this is a chemical assertion which the physiologist will not admit. A subtle source of typhoid fever, scarlatina, and other ailments is to be traced to the adulteration of milk with impure water, and even, it is said, to the rinsing of milk-cans with water to which sewage has access.

Some time ago, eight cases of typhoid fever broke out in five houses at Bristol. It was ascertained that each of these houses was supplied with milk by a dealer who drew his supply from two farms. One of these farms was beyond suspicion; it was from the other that the houses in question derived their milk supply. This other farm drew its water from a stream which ran through it, and which had the appearance of beautifully pure water. The medical officer of health for that district was balked; but he decided, with praiseworthy activity, to trace this stream to its source. After following the course for about two miles, he came upon an accumulation of filth emptying itself into the brook: a mass of sewage oozed from an overflowing cesspool, and in the immediate neighbourhood were several putrid carcasses of calves and pigs. Here was the source of the virulent typhoid poison, which the chemists who might have examined the water of the brook at the farm could not possibly have discovered; nor had the flow of two miles removed it by oxidation or otherwise.

THE GOLDEN LAMP:

A TALE OF FISHER'S FOLLY.

By THOMAS ST E. HAKE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAP. I.—MR GIRDLESTONE'S HEIR.

IN the neighbourhood of Bishopsgate Without, and only separated from that noisy street by a narrow lane of lofty warehouses, stands an old square. This square, which is mostly composed of fine mansions, was once the very centre of fashion. Here was to be found the ancestral home of more than one aristocratic family: it was here that the Countess of Devonshire—some two hundred years ago—lived and died. It was here, as we are told by Stow, the best of old chroniclers, that 'Jasper Fisher, free of Goldsmiths, late one of the six clerks of the Chancery, and a justice of the peace,' built for himself a magnificent residence. He laid out his grounds in regal style with pleasure-

gardens and bowling alleys, for his guests to wander in and listen to the songs of birds: even 'the Queen's Majesty Elizabeth did lodge there.' No wonder, then, that crowds of the nobility and gentry came to visit Jasper Fisher. His hospitality and extravagance might almost be compared to that of an eastern potentate: a calif could scarcely have been more ostentatious. But 'Fisher'—so the story goes on—'being a man of no great calling, possessions, or wealth, and being indebted to many,' was unable for any length of time to keep up so large and sumptuous an establishment. He retired once more into private life: the place gradually fell into wreck and ruin; and so it came to be called 'Fisher's Folly.'

One autumn evening, some years ago, a young man entered the precincts of Fisher's Folly and looked keenly about him. At that time the place was the home of merchants, who had their counting-houses on the ground-floor. The man had the appearance of one who had recently landed from a long voyage: he wore a rough overcoat and waterproof hat; and his fresh complexion and bright eyes spoke eloquently of stiff breezes on a briny sea. His face expressed as he glanced about something more than mere idle curiosity. 'I thought I should have remembered the old house,' he muttered to himself; 'but I was only a lad; and one house was the same as another in those days. I didn't know then what I know now;' and he walked round the square, peering up at the doors and windows and down into the great areas, dismal and deserted, and faced by rusty iron rails. Presently he stopped opposite a corner house. It was the largest in the square: it had two windows on each side of its massive door, and five windows on the stories above. In the roof was a low smoking chimney; and in the deepening gloom this chimney, with a round garret window on each side, had the appearance of a shapeless monster, as it seemed to the young man, staring down over the parapet when he looked up.

As he was on the point of turning away, though the front door of this mansion stood invitingly open, a gleam of light in the windows overhead attracted his attention. He stepped back, and stood in the roadway with an eager expression on his uplifted face. The light moved swiftly about, glimmered dimly in the five windows, and presently became concentrated in the one above the front door. In the bow of this middle window, inside the room, stood a large lamp—unlighted. This lamp, raised upon a pedestal, was peculiar. It had the appearance of a lantern suspended under a gilded dome, the dome being supported by foliated pillars. The whole ornament, as far as could be seen at that distance, was a remarkable piece of workmanship. And while the young man stood there looking up, as if the lamp were of exceptional interest to him, the figure of a girl became apparent. The girl, carrying a taper in her hand, stopped before the lamp. The lantern was soon lit; and the brightness from it fell upon her face. It was a vision of beauty—an exquisite apparition of loveliness, upon which the lamp threw a pale subdued light; and then an arm was stretched out, the curtain

drawn across the window, and the lamp and the lovely face had vanished.

The young man now went up the steps, and found himself in a large hall, with a broad oaken staircase beyond. Upon a door on one side of this hall was written in white letters upon a dark panel, 'Girdlestone, Carter, & Co.' After a moment's hesitation and a glance up the staircase, as though another glimpse of the enchanting face were possible, he opened this door and found himself in a dingy old counting-house, where the clerks, five or six in number, were seated on high stools, as if to get light, when any came that way, from the barred and dusty windows behind them. They all looked up when the visitor came in, like so many automatons, and then looked down again.

'Is Mr Carter within?'

A clerk came forward. 'What name?'

'John Westcott.'

The clerk opened a door on which was inscribed 'Mr Girdlestone' in faded letters. The room into which he stepped was in darkness; but the clerk lighted two antique candlesticks on the high mantel-shelf. He then placed a chair for John Westcott and disappeared.

Westcott's expression of curiosity increased. The room had a mysterious and neglected appearance: there were many signs of its not having been occupied of late. The desk was covered with dust, and dusty cobwebs hung in the corners of the walls and across the chinks in the closed shutters, as though even the spiders had forsaken the place. A few sheets of paper lying upon the desk were as yellow as old parchment; and the ink in a pewter inkstand had evidently dried up long ago, with the tip of a quill pen sticking there, as if the hand that had dipped it had ended the records of a life and had vanished.

John Westcott sat down in the chair—probably Mr Girdlestone's—facing the old desk. His eyes wandered searchingly into the deep pigeon-holes and over the brass-handled drawers, quaintly designed with the heads of satyrs. Suddenly he glanced up. An antique picture—the portrait of an old man—faced him: it was hanging over the mantel-shelf between the two candles; and the eyes seemed to him to express extraordinary cupidity. Westcott moved from the desk, lifted one of the candles from the mantel-shelf, and, shading it with his hand, examined the portrait with acute interest. 'Yes,' said he, in an undertone, 'it is the face I remember. There is a look of insatiable greed in those searching eyes—in the hollow cheeks and wrinkled mouth. And what expressive hands! Why, yes, they seem to be grasping imaginary gold!'

While he still stood gazing at this painting, as if unable to take his eyes from it, the door opened, and the clerk requested him to 'step this way.' The room which he now entered had a cheerful appearance. It was well lighted, and a bright fire was burning in the hearth. Upon the rug, with his back to the fire, stood a somewhat careworn-looking man of about forty-five or fifty. He stepped forward, however, with a pleasant smile on his face, and held out his hand to the visitor.

'Well, John,' said he in a cordial tone, 'so you

made up your mind at last to come to England. You have done well, and I am delighted to see you.—But what has happened? I have been puzzling my brain ever since your letter came to hand. "John Westcott"—as I could not help saying to Marian—"has got some surprise in store for us." And Marian was somewhat of my opinion.'

If a sign of embarrassment crossed Westcott's face as he drew a chair towards the hearth, it escaped Mr Carter; for that gentleman had bent down to stir the fire into a brighter blaze, as though to give a more cheerful appearance to his welcome, and at the same time to hide the slight tone of reproach in which he spoke. The merchant was evidently one of those men who, when having an unpleasant duty to perform, are glad to get it over as agreeably as possible. The young visitor, after a quick glance about the room—as if reviving his memory, as he had done in the square and Mr Girdlestone's office—quietly remarked: 'So it seems strange to you, Mr Carter, that I should care to revisit my uncle's old home?'

'Indeed, it does,' replied Mr Carter frankly. 'I had concluded, long ago, that no possible motive would induce you to return. Has there not been more than one strong reason, during the last fifteen years, why you should come back? But you have all the while remained abroad.' Receiving no reply, Mr Carter went on. 'Was there not the prospect of a partnership?' said he. 'Did not Mr Girdlestone, as we wrote and told you, seem to set his heart upon having a relation in the house?—That did not bring you home.'

'I had chosen a profession,' replied Westcott. 'Even the certainty of inheriting a large fortune by working at the desk could not tempt me to retire from the navy. I had a passion for the sea.'

'Well,' said Mr Carter, half apologetically, 'perhaps I ought not, you will say, to express any opinion on the subject. Your refusal to come into the business led to my promotion. Mr Girdlestone, despairing of getting you to join the firm, made me a junior partner.—But was there not another reason, a far weightier one, for a visit to England a year ago? And still, John, you stopped away.' Mr Carter looked, as well as spoke, reproachfully now.

'You mean,' said Westcott, steadying his voice, 'at the time of my uncle's death.'

'You received my letter?'

'Yes; at Madras. You told me that he had left his property—except your share in the business—to your daughter Marian. It is she, as I understand, who is now the senior partner in the old house.'

A slight smile passed over the merchant's face. He had censured the young man so far as, in his opinion, his conduct merited reproof, and on that point his conscience was set at rest. 'Yes; Marian is senior partner. That is the position, John,' said he. 'I am junior still.'

For some moments Westcott pondered deeply. 'Mr Carter,' he presently said, 'I have no wish, as you must know, to dispute my uncle's will. He made me a generous offer, and I refused. Had I fallen in with his views, instead of opposing them, I should have been made his heir.'

'Unquestionably,' said Mr Carter.

'Fifteen years ago,' continued Westcott, 'I was very young. I had no judgment: I was all activity and impulse. But I have now—at least I hope so—arrived at years of discretion. I am thirty-two; and I should like to settle down in life. Will you help me?'

Mr Carter's face grew thoughtful.

'Don't misunderstand me,' Westcott went on. 'I will begin, as you did, at the foot of the ladder.'

The merchant appeared surprised. 'Would you accept a clerkship,' said he, 'in your uncle's old house?'

'Why not? I wish to be guided entirely by you. I cannot ask you to make me a partner,' said Westcott with a slight smile. 'I have little or no means. Though I ought to tell you,' he added, somewhat mysteriously, 'I am not without expectations.'

Mr Carter reflected a moment; then he said: 'I should indeed be ungrateful, John, if I refused to help you. Mr Girdlestone was a true friend to me. And if I appear to hesitate,' he added, 'it is because I am thinking of you, not of myself. I will briefly explain my meaning.' He seated himself opposite his visitor; and the careworn look, which Westcott had noticed when he came in, appeared to increase. 'You must know, John, that your uncle was a great financier—how great, I did not realise until taken into partnership. I sometimes doubt if I fully appreciated his genius even then. The amount of capital in the business was amazingly small. But such confidence was placed in Mr Girdlestone as a financier, that had he drawn bills to the extent of a hundred thousand pounds he would have had no difficulty in getting them accepted.' After a short pause Mr Carter continued. 'When Mr Girdlestone died, as you may imagine, the position was altered. With small capital and greatly diminished credit, I have had to sustain the reputation of an old-established City house. I have been doing my best; you will not doubt that. But I do not profess to have a talent for finance like my late partner. What has been the result? For a whole year I have been at my wife's end how to save the firm. It has been a hard struggle: affairs have gone from bad to worse. You have appeared, John, at a most trying moment. Had you arrived a few weeks later, you would probably have found the old place locked up and in the hands of creditors.—How, under these circumstances, can I help you?'

John Westcott rose from his chair. There was a look of energy in his face. 'Who knows of this?'

'No one,' replied Mr Carter, 'except Marian.'

Westcott reflected a moment. 'What sum is required to save the house?'

'Twelve thousand pounds.'

The young man answered: 'I scarcely possess that number of shillings. But something—though one must not be too sanguine—something may be done.'

Mr Carter appeared lost in thought. His face expressed deep despondency. It was not merely the dread of losing the position he had gained through close attention to business: it seemed to him that if the house failed—as it could never have done, in his opinion, while his old partner

was alive—the catastrophe would throw a blot on Mr Girdlestone's memory. Mr Girdlestone had chosen him as a trustworthy and competent person, one most capable of upholding the traditions of the firm after his death. But independent of that, as Mr Carter could not hide from himself, his daughter would suffer: if failure came she would participate in the calamity. The gloomy prospect was almost overmastering. And now John Westcott, Mr Girdlestone's one surviving relative, had come unexpectedly upon the scene—had come as if to remind him, at the eleventh hour, of his serious responsibility.

As Westcott stepped towards the door, Mr Carter recovered himself and said: 'You will be our guest? A room shall be prepared for you—your old room. Where shall I send to for your luggage?'

'I left it in a coach at the entrance to the square.'

The merchant hastened out to give the necessary instructions. When he returned, Westcott was standing with his hand on Mr Girdlestone's door, a side-door communicating with Mr Carter's room. 'May I take another glance,' said the young man, 'at that portrait of my uncle? It struck me as being a remarkable work of art.'

'By all means,' said Mr Carter. 'It is by a great master.—Will you excuse me?' he added, seating himself at his writing-table. 'I have a number of matters to see about. We dine at seven o'clock.'

The candles in Mr Girdlestone's room are still burning. Westcott takes up one of them and again looks intently at the portrait of his old uncle. 'It is your secret'—and his eyes still rest upon the picture—'I will use it, as you would have wished me to do, to save the house. He puts the candle on the bureau; and again he sits down in the chair facing the desk. He does not hesitate now. He places his hand into an apparently empty pigeon-hole, and the inner wall falls open. In a moment he has drawn forth an oblong paper. He glances rapidly at the inscription. It is the 'Last Will and Testament of Jeremiah Girdlestone of Fisher's Folly.' And at the foot of the document, in a quaint handwriting, John Westcott reads the following significant words: 'For the key to the secret strong-room, wherein will be found fifty bags of hard cash, look behind the Golden Lamp.'

THE SARDINE FACTORIES OF KENT.

THERE flourishes at the present day in the little town of Deal what is probably the most curious of the many industries in which the sea-coast populations of this country find employment. The fragrant and picturesque occupation of bloater-curing, and the noisy bustling business of fish-packing for the Billingsgate market, are familiar enough details of our maritime towns. But what will the reader say on learning that the sardine manufactory, which he has doubtless hitherto associated with the shores of the Mediterranean and the confines of Biscay, has found its way into the historic Cinque Port, nestling gloomy in antiquity upon the coast of Kent? It has been frequently asserted that the annual take of the genuine sardine is not one tithe sufficient to

supply the manifold demands for the delectable little fish. Statistics which have been issued of late in France would seem, however, to disprove this statement. Those qualified to speak upon matters of gastronomy assure us, so perverted is our taste in this direction, that were we to get the real thing our appreciation would need due education to do justice to the unctuous morsel. It is the little home-keeping pilchard which has won the reputation of depraving our palates, and which lying decapitated, immersed in savoury oil, has so long successfully hoodwinked the epicurean relish. Not many years ago, however, a season arrived when this usually prolific fish grew almost as scarce as the tiny original which it was made to emulate. A substitute had to be found for a substitute—here was proper scope for the development of an *ars in arte*—and what more natural than that the sprat, the much-dispised sprat, should suggest itself as likely to serve an end which a mere matter of nomenclature had hitherto hindered it from attaining?

There is probably no tract of our home waters more generous in its yield of sprats than the Downs. For generations the hardy Deal boatmen, as regularly as the winter season recurs, have plied their trade upon that fruitful stretch of sea; returning by night, when luck has attended their 'shooting,' with their little bluff punts sunk deep under the sparkling silvery burden of several 'lasts.' Hence, few spots upon the southern coast could be better adapted to the establishment of a factory, having as its object the transmutation of the sprat into the 'sardine à la huile,' than the town of Deal. A tour of inspection of one of these buildings forms an experience alike instructive and amusing. Perhaps the most interesting of the three sprat emporiums which are in full swing during the season is the one that pioneered the industry in the year 1873; and this, being typical of the others, we will select to view. Exteriorly the edifice offers little enough suggestion of the curious trade which is being prosecuted within. A long low line of sheds, erected within biscuit-toss of the sea, black and grimy to the eye, with scarcely an unbroken pane of glass in the whole row of little windows, constitutes the premises. The first impression upon entering can scarcely be termed salutary, so far certainly as it affects the olfactory organs. A nauseating odour of stale oil is borne upon the whiff of hot air which greets the nostrils on passing into the interior, and the sound of machinery in motion falls with a dissonant *burr* upon the ear.

The scene which meets the view of one who, regardless of these trifling inconveniences, takes a leisurely survey of the place, is as much like the picture of an animated fish-market as anything it can be likened to. From the time the sprat enters wriggling, still full of life, and maybe hope, down to the period when the last rites of its little tin sepulchre have been observed, there are several processes to be gone through, all of which may here be witnessed. The first department that claims our attention is the cleaning and gutting room. This is a spacious, bare, brick structure, erected at the extremity of the row of sheds. Into this the fishermen bring the silvery spoil which they have just snatched from its watery home. The sprats come in small wooden

boxes; and as the burly boatmen deposit these upon the earthen floor, groups of picturesquely attired girls gather around and proceed to shoot the sparkling contents of them into huge green tubs. In these they are thoroughly washed, and then conveyed to the gutting table to be cleaned. There are half-a-dozen of these tables, each about twelve feet in length, ranged side by side in a row, and on either hand stands a file of women, their arms bared to the elbow as they diligently ply their gleaming knives. The process of decapitation and removing the offal from each individual fish, although it strikes an onlooker as tedious in the extreme, is in reality a very light form of labour; and the persons employed in it speedily acquire such dexterity that one hundred of them working for six hours during the day can clean forty lasts (a last is ten thousand sprats), that is, four hundred thousand fish, in that period. The people engaged in this particular branch of the industry are all girls; they are paid by piece-work, and their earning powers range from two to three shillings a day. The offal is cast into movable troughs fitted to the tables, which, when they are full, are removed and the contents—so greatly esteemed by horticulturists—sold for manure.

From the dissecting-knife of the women the sprat again goes into the large green tubs, and here it is scrupulously cleaned. Then follows the process of drying, which is accomplished by means of machinery. A great horizontal shaft, like an elongated boiler, encased in wooden walls, receives the sprats. A large cone-shaped fan is inserted into the aperture of the shaft, whilst the other end is hermetically sealed. This fan is driven by a steam-engine, and in revolving, injects hot air into the apparatus. By the aid of this simple appliance an incredible number of fish can be dried within the space of a few hours. Indeed, it is astonishing what facilities are provided in this establishment for dealing with the sprats. Statistics usually convey but a slender idea to the uninitiated; but some notion of the proportions of the industry may be derived from knowledge of the fact that during the season, which begins in November and ends in February, an average of fifty lasts of sprats pass through the complete process of transformation every day.

The fish being now cleaned, washed, and dried, are ready for cooking. They are first ranged one by one upon huge gridirons, and perhaps the occupation of placing them singly upon the wires is the most tiresome part of the work. The sprats being thus prepared, are next cooked in oil; and here it may be of interest to say a few words concerning the kind of oil used for this purpose. It is not unfrequently stated, even to the extent of the publicity of the press, that the quality is very inferior, and indeed actually unwholesome. No assertion could be more ill-founded, nor, let it be added, unjust. The oil used in the factories at Deal is the finest olive oil which the vineyards of Italy can yield. It is exported in bulky casks called 'pipes,' two of which are equal in measurement to one tun. The cost of one tun of this oil is fifty-five pounds. That olive oil, even in its purest quality, is a highly digestible form of nourishment is a question upon which variance of opinion is permissible; but certain it is that if the oil in

which these sprats are cooked and preserved contains anything deleterious, it cannot be impugned to the noxiousness of inferior brand. The average consumption of oil is one hundred tuns each season.

The sprats are now ready to be packed in tins; and this brings us to the contemplation of another industry which is comprised within the precincts of the factory. It consists of the manufacture of those little metal boxes, so familiar a detail of the breakfast table. Sheets of new glittering tin, stacked in great piles against the walls of the shed, bespeak the department of this branch of the trade. The process of cutting the parts is perhaps the simplest of any portion of the business. One of the tin plates is placed in a small machine, of which half-a-dozen are employed for the purpose; a lever is pulled, the cutter descends, and rises again, leaving the sheet cleft to the proper dimensions. The divided part is then put under another instrument, which stamps a circle upon its centre and raises the edges on every side. These form the lids and bottoms of the boxes; and an experienced hand can cut and mould as many as ten thousand of them in one day. The sides of the cases, which are lacquered and embossed with the inscription, 'Sardines à la Huile,' are imported from the Continent in whole sheets, and the strips are cut and bent into the requisite form by machinery. The parts then come to the hands of the solderman, who proceeds very deftly to join the sides to the base. He may, if he is at all nimble with his iron, easily earn from two to three pounds a week.

The sprats—it is but a pleasant équivoque to call them sardines—are now packed into the little flat cans. Each tin holds twelve of them; and when they have been carefully laid in and the interstices between their tiny bodies filled with oil, the metal cases are once again passed to the solderer, who fits the lids and hermetically seals them. The process is now complete; nothing remains but to pack the tins, which are put into wooden crates, one hundred in each. These are then sent away to London by water-carriage or by rail, whence they are distributed in whatever directions the demand for them may arise. The manufacture is ostensibly carried on solely for the purposes of exportation, notwithstanding which, a considerable proportion of the sprats find their way into the shops of the locality, whence they are retailed at the price of fourpence-halfpenny a tin. This is a cost which places a palatable article of food within the means of the poorest classes.

It is urged in justification of the apparent disingenuousness of offering these fish, not as sprats in oil, but as 'sardines à la huile,' that the two families are so nearly analogous that, like the distinction between the dab and the flounder, it is very difficult to determine where the one ends and the other begins. It must be admitted in appearance, the difference is very slight, and often imperceptible to all but the practised eye. The only definite points of dissimilarity are that, as a general rule, the sardine runs smaller in size than either the sprat or the pilchard; and the ridge of its back is of a lighter hue than those of the two latter fish. The sprat may lack the piquancy of flavour peculiar to the sardine; but

nevertheless, when thus prepared, it forms a savoury morsel. The great market, curiously enough, for the commodities of the Deal factories is in France. The business, although comparatively in its infancy, is in a flourishing condition, and with the exception of a pilchard factory upon the coast of Devonshire, somewhat similar in its manner of treating that fish, may be deemed a unique industry in this country. The method of preparation is identically the same as that pursued by the most celebrated firms upon the Continent.

The supply of sprats is not always by any means adequate to the demands of the factory. Of late years the fishing seasons have been very scanty in their yield, and the promoters of the establishment were willing enough to purchase the fruits of the boatmen's labour in this direction at a fixed rate of twenty-five shillings a last. But the winter of 1890 produced a superabundant harvest for the Deal watermen. The factories were glutted; they were obliged to refuse taking the fish in; with the result that during the month of January sprats were to be bought at eight shillings a last, a most unprecedented price, and quite outside the pale of the most aged fisherman's recollection.

The industry affords employment to above one thousand people during a season of the year when the pinch of poverty is necessarily greatest. From the earliest days of November down to well into the month of February, the traffic is in full drive. It not unfrequently occurs that the little town of Deal cannot supply labour sufficient to cope with the thriving business of these institutions; and when this happens, a number of Frenchmen are imported to assist. There is no reason, however, why this trade should remain so purely local as it has hitherto been. It is an industry that is surely capable of considerable development. Not only does it supply the fisherman with a market for a certain species of his takings, but it furthermore affords the means of placing a wholesome and tasty article of food upon the humblest table. Our home-waters teem with sprats during the winter months; and the sea-coast communities are, as a general rule, largely composed of a class to whom the opportunity of earning even a slender pittance at this season would be very grateful. The trade has been initiated at Deal with more than ordinary success, and indeed it may safely be asserted that no more flourishing institution exists upon the southern coast than the sardine factories of Kent.

A TALE OF A CANDLE-END.

At an hotel in New York, a few years ago, I fell in with a mining engineer from Mexico, who told me a stirring tale from his experiences in that romantic region. This tale I may well remember, for, as will be seen, it was impressed on my mind by a scene which formed a sequel to the story, and of which I was a witness that very evening.

The engineer and I had dined together, and spent a pleasant time in talking over our past adventures. There in the smoking-room we lost count of the time; the other guests dropped off

one by one, and the vast hotel became silent. It was past midnight when my friend began his story, a long one for the time of night; but I did not interrupt him. I was only too glad to sit still and listen, with my eyes on the dark bearded face opposite, lighted up at times by the memory of dangers past and gone. There was a look of anxiety on his face when in repose, the meaning of which I was soon to learn, but by the strangest accident.

My wife and I (he began) were married, away there in Mexico, two years ago. Now, it is just two years ago that what I have to tell you took place. At that time I was engineer to several mines in Mexico, travelling about from one to another the greater part of the year. Some of those mines had been worked for centuries, following where the veins of silver led, thousands of yards away from the little opening in the mountain side, which looked like a rat-hole from the valley below. Not a few of these were in a very dangerous state; but of all the mines in my district, none was in a more critical condition than the three old workings above the picturesque village of Palos de Santa Fé.

It was always very pleasant to me to stay a few days at the little 'posada,' perched a mile or so above the village, and to look down the valley of Santa Fé from my lounge on the long veranda. This posada was kept by an old Spaniard called Díez—his full name, if you please, was Antonio Juan Maria de Díez y Antigüera. He was a solemn, long-visaged old fellow, clean-shaven and very dark, a bandit every inch of him, by descent and by preference too.

But to return to Santa Fé. You cannot have seen it in your wanderings, or you would remember that valley, if nothing else in all Mexico. The village itself was at the head of it; down the middle rushed a broad deep stream, which never dried up; and the lower hills on either side were hills, and not walls of granite, as they mostly are in those parts. Altogether, the valley was ravishing, luxuriant, restful; only above the sloping verdure rose the mighty peaks of the Sierra. Many a mid-day hour of blazing heat have I lounged away on that veranda, while the distant thud of the engines came throbbing through the 'sing' of the mosquitoes. One could be lazy then.

But at night, when the engines were silent, and instead came murmurs and cries from among the thousand lights of the village below, I could not help thinking of the forces at work in those silent hills, where the scattered watch-fires glimmered by the shafts above me. I knew, if no one else did, that incalculable masses of water were stored somewhere among those peaks, and that our workings were bound to tap sooner or later that everlasting reservoir. The inevitable disaster must be very near now; the wonder was that it had not already come during the hundreds of years the mines had been worked. This was the ghost that sat brooding above the village of Palos de Santa Fé.

About the beginning of August, it was my duty to pay a visit to Palos. You may imagine

that with my anxiety about the mines this visit was a less pleasant prospect than the delightful climate and surroundings of the place seemed to hold out. On my arrival I found that the owners had at last made up their minds to consult me seriously about the danger to which I have alluded. What was more, they determined, if necessary, to close the mines. They knew there would be serious trouble with the miners, and they had therefore obtained from the government the despatch of two companies of soldiers to maintain order; a large convent a mile or so from the inn where I was staying served as barracks for the troops.

The miners, more than a thousand in number, were enraged at this determined action, but were powerless in the face of such a force. Besides, they were by no means unanimous. A certain number, chiefly Americans and Germans, were unwilling to risk their lives against professional warnings such as mine; the presence of the troops gave this minority the support they needed. The malcontents could only grumble and, as it turned out, plot against us. The storm was but waiting till my arrival to burst; all depended on my verdict, I may say on my life, for it was pretty well known what my verdict would be.

The heat of the day was only partly spent, but, it being Sunday, and especially because of the great excitement, the village streets were crowded. Men, women, and children were all abroad. I could tell by the men's faces, by the sullen scowl or the uneasy, anxious glance, the adherents of either party. But when I had ridden into the courtyard of the inn I saw that the worst of my opponents were there. Now, this was the only posada in the place—more than that, it was the only place where I could put up. The owners of the mine lived far away, and the manager himself was at Palos only when he was not wanted at some mines twenty miles away, worked by the same company. He was staying at the inn when I arrived. This man had little influence with the miners, and was not to be relied on in an emergency like this. He was known to be very much against closing the mine, so that it needed great pressure from the directors to compel him to take the necessary steps.

You can see how uncomfortably I was placed. The whole responsibility was laid on me for a proceeding certain to make me the enemy of hundreds of fierce revengeful fellows, who had evidently their headquarters at the solitary inn where I was staying. To set against all this I had a guard of two hundred soldiers about a mile away, and on the spot a representative of my employers, who was prejudiced against me, and who would be the last man in the world to raise a finger in my defence, if the need arose.

Within a week of my arrival three several attempts were made on my life. During one of these attacks I had the ill luck to wound, in self-defence, one of the ringleaders, a Spaniard named Antonio, nephew to my worthy host. This young man had thus two reasons for wishing my destruction, and a third was supplied by a circumstance of which I had then no suspicion. To this day he is the only enemy I am aware of possessing, but I have a foreboding that he will yet do me or mine some fatal injury.

After the failure of these three attacks, I was not surprised to find that the conspirators had resolved to give me a few days' rest; but I was not deceived by their inactivity. I had refused an escort from the commandant at the convent simply because I felt that my own vigilance was the only safeguard likely to be of any use. My enemies, I suspected, were but biding their time to put in practice some more safe and certain scheme than open attack had proved to be. The event showed I was right. Meanwhile, I was not idle. I was carrying on my work of inspection from day to day, and had, in fact, nearly finished my written report to the directors. This I had taken care to support by the authority of more than one eminent geologist and engineer. The closing of the mine was, in my opinion, an imperative necessity.

All this time I was preparing unconsciously for myself the greatest danger of my life, a danger which has not yet passed away; but with it was to come to me a blessing which has enriched my whole existence.

I think I have never seen a more perfect specimen of the heavy-villain class than Diez, my worthy landlord at Palos; and certainly never a woman who charmed me more than his daughter. Juanita was a girl of fourteen when first I came to Palos; I can remember having admired even then her pretty face and graceful, shy manners, and having wondered how such a maidenly creature could be the daughter of my coarse and sometimes brutal landlord. As for myself, I do not mind confessing that, half conscious only as I was of any feeling of a tender sort, I had one reason which I have not mentioned before for making my visits to Palos de Santa Fé as long as possible. Juanita's attractiveness had for me been growing as she grew to early womanhood; she never appeared more lovely than when I saw her that Sunday evening after my three or four months' absence. My all-absorbing anxiety would have prevented any love-making, even had I had any thought of such a pastime. But I remember having noticed, after my escapes from assassination, a new shade of thoughtfulness on the girl's dark face. At the time I put this down to the persecutions of her cousin Antonio, who was devoted to her in a savage, jealous way, which made her very uncomfortable. He was evidently favoured in his courtship by his uncle, Diez.

Attracted as I was by Juanita, I could not help taking a great deal of interest in this love-suit, prosecuted by one who, I had no doubt, was my bitterest foe. So it was that I noticed a great change in Juanita's treatment of her admirer. Hitherto, her dislike for him had been evident; besides, she was apparently afraid of him. Now, to all appearance, the pressure put on her by her father, of whom she was very fond, and who treated her with surprising indulgence, and even respect, had proved too much for her powers of resistance. Her manner was now one of shy acquiescence in her lover's claims: whereas before this time you would have thought her less than kin to the eager Antonio, now I at least considered her more than kind to him.

Unreasonable as it was, this state of things added, I know, to the feeling of loneliness and

depression which was growing upon me. I put it to myself that I was disappointed in the girl.

Though still shy and timid in her lover's presence, my landlord's daughter had altogether changed in her behaviour to the frequenters of the inn. Instead of keeping to her own room when the house was full of men, or going quietly about her household duties, the young girl began to loiter near the bar, listening to the conversation of the miners. Diez, no doubt, attributed the change in his daughter's habits to her growing love for his charming nephew, who was always there; at anyrate he never interfered. I myself could only think as he did, and acknowledge to myself with a sigh that Juanita, too, was in the enemy's camp.

At last, three weeks after my return to Palos, the great report was finished. I handed it to the manager, and received from him an acknowledgment in writing. My work was over, and I was heartily glad of it. I at least had done my duty; it only remained for the directors to do theirs. The next day I would see the last of Palos; I did not doubt that with the force at their command, the company would close the mine before many days were past. I could not help being sorry; the village would cease to exist; Diez would have to close the posada, and this lovely valley would be deserted for many a long day to come. Still, the company had other mines not very far away; they could start new workings there, and use a good deal of the old machinery. The miners, too, would soon perhaps get work again; but they would be the chief sufferers by my decision.

I was in very good spirits that evening, so that it seemed to me quite natural that every one about me should be wondrous polite and even cordial. My host was overwhelming with his attentions, forced his company on me upon the slightest pretext, and grew eloquent as he told me with gay confidence of his plans for his dear Antonio. His nephew, it seemed, was a good fellow if ever there was one, only a little too warm-hearted and too sensitive. Did he not seem to me a little sullen? I confessed that he did. Ah! So I, too, had noticed it! The poor fellow was in love, and all lovers were despondent at times. And, would I believe it? Antonio had actually an idea that I did not like him, and he had such respect for me!—And so on. At last the old fellow became so affectionate and so garrulous that I was glad to get off with a promise to drink to the health of his new enterprise, an hotel in a neighbouring mining town, in a bottle of his best champagne.

Everything seemed for the best in the best of all possible worlds as I lay back in my favourite lounge on the veranda, hobnobbing with the genial old scamp, my landlord. The only thought which troubled my serenity was that Juanita had been invisible since the morning, and now the sun had set on my last day at Palos. Would she take the trouble to see me off in the morning?

I intended to go to bed early, worn out as I was by anxiety and hard work. Already the veranda, which, I must tell you, ran all round the house, was dark, for the house lay in the shadow of the lofty western peaks, and as yet there was no moon. A curious little heartache

came to me as I thought that I might never see Juanita again. And while I lingered there in my dreamy, sentimental mood, half-listening to the landlord's endless flow of talk, Juanita, my Juanita, was struggling madly to escape from an outhouse in the distant corral, pausing now and then to listen with sickening dread for the sharp, clear sound of dynamite exploding in the open air on the veranda—not this time the dull report of blasting among the hills!

I have often wondered since that time how it was that I did not more distrust the landlord. During the whole of that visit to Palos I had been oppressed by the thought of how great an injury I was unwillingly inflicting upon him. But this evening I had cast aside all suspicion, and, but for being armed according to my habit, I had taken no precautions whatever; Diez might have been my father for all the suspicion I then had of him. You may think it was the champagne, if you like; but I really believe that made no difference to me, except, perhaps, to exhilarate me a little, and to make me whistle a tune as I rose to take my candle and go off to bed.

Diez had called for the candle; but when it was brought, lighted, I noticed that his face was as white as skin of that sallow tint can become. I thought he was ill, and told him so. He answered not a word, though he seemed to try to speak, but took the candle with a trembling hand and—blew it out!

I said I was ready to go; but he pressed me to stay a little longer and take another glass of wine. He himself sent for brandy, which he gulped down at a draught, and sat in the darkness quite still and apparently asleep. At last I took the candle and lighted it. I turned to the landlord as I was about to go, and began to say something about my early start on the morrow. To my surprise, he had disappeared. I turned away and walked slowly along the veranda, the way I always went to my room at the back of the house. As I went I whistled the tune I had started before. I shall never forget it.

The engineer ceased speaking, and remained a few moments in deep thought. The absolute stillness of the night was awful to me in the excited state of expectation to which I had been gradually worked up. When he resumed, he spoke in an awe-struck tone, low but clear, and as if living those few moments over again. 'I shall never forget it,' he said; 'the air I whistled went like this;' and he whistled softly an air I had often heard before. He was not half through it, when a piercing shriek rent the silence of the night, then a heavy fall, and all was still again.

The engineer turned pale, and seemed rooted to his chair. I ran to the door, opened it, and rushed into the hall, where he joined me at once. The hall was dimly lighted by one lamp near the outer door; a gallery ran round it a great height from the floor. There a white figure, a woman, was rising to its feet, and then another of those awful shrieks, and she rushed with arms outstretched along the gallery. She had turned the corner to our left, when a door opened close to where the woman had first fallen. It was a man this time, who glided

swiftly after the woman; in his hand he held something which flashed once, dimly, in the light of the lamp. My companion started, ran forward, and fired. The white figure stopped, but the pursuer still ran on; he was near her now, when another shot rang out; the man fell forward and lay quite still.

The following day, the engineer introduced me to his beautiful wife, whose life he had certainly saved that night. It was from her I learned how that exciting scene was the sequel and the completion of her husband's story. It was Antonio the Spaniard who had met his fate at the moment when he was about to take his revenge, nursed now for two long years. He and his uncle, the worthy Diez, had, it seems, conspired to kill the engineer by means of a dynamite cartridge made to imitate the lower part of a candle. To this cartridge a very small piece of candle was fixed with a little gunpowder cartridge inserted in the top of the dynamite. The whole looked like a good-sized piece of candle. Two or three minutes, and the dynamite would explode, and certainly kill the bearer of the candle.

Juanita had discovered the plot, as, indeed, her object for several days before had been to learn what the miners, and especially her relatives, were plotting against the engineer, the man she loved. Unfortunately, she had been herself suspected by her father, and shut up in the corral away from the inn. She had escaped, but only just in time to snatch the candle from her lover's hand and hurl it down into the ravine below, where it exploded harmlessly before it reached the ground.

The happy pair had escaped to the convent, and been married there; but the excitement of that day had left its mark on Juanita. At times she would walk in her sleep, and go through in fancy the scene she could never forget. But the shock of that other scene where she awoke on the gallery of the New York hotel effectually cured her. Only her husband remained to remind her of the plot of the Candle-end.

A DEAD GRIEF.

ALL is over! Come away;
Buried is my grief to-day;
See! it lieth deep and low,
With a name upon its breast.
Hush! in quiet let it rest.

Open is it to the sky!
But the grief so still doth lie
In its coffin peaceful sleep,
Ne'er again to throb with pain;
Listen! on it falls the rain.

Shielded well by sorrow's pall,
What though other griefs may fall?
Shall I—can I fear them more
Than that coffin'd grief can fear
Clods which fall upon its bier?

M. C. SALMON.

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